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Registration and Election

Official notice is hereby given that for the Election of November 3d, 1896, there are two days only for the registration of voters. Those days are

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1896, and
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1896.

The Board of Registry will be in session at precinct polling places to register voters on the above dates between the hours of 8 o'clock a. m. and 9 o'clock p. m.

This being a Congressional election, EVERY VOTER MUST REGISTER ANEW—it matters not that you were registered before. The law requires a New General Registration this Fall.

You can not be registered at any other time or place.

Unless You Are Registered You Can Not Vote.

Election day is Tuesday, November 3d, 1896. Polls open at 6 o'clock a. m. and close at 4 o'clock p. m.

FREDERICK S. BAIRD,
CHRISTIAN MEIER,
P. H. KEENAN,
Board of Election Commissioners.

ISAAC N. POWELL, Chief Clerk.

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FRANK GAZZOLO,

IMPORTER OF

FINE CIGARS

TOBACCO.

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THE REAPER.

The fields are ripe for the harvest. The reaper awakes with the morn. With snatches of song he passes along To gather the golden corn.

The granary's full to overflowing. The sun hath retired in the west; At a lagging pace, with a smiling face, The reaper goes home to rest. —Alfred Livingston in Chicago Record.

DICK'S DONAH.

"Will I take a cigar? Well, yes, I rather think I will, and thank you, sir," exclaimed Dick, the busdriver, an expansive grin illuminating his good-humored countenance, as he picked out the finest smoke in his proffered case without hesitation. "Pon my word, guv'nor," he continued, "you're one of the right sort, an' make no mistake. I've drove this old 'bus a matter of six years came next Benk 'Olland, an' you tek it from me, there ain't many of your sort come my way. The larst cigar I 'ad wus from a soldier chap larst Monday week, but theer—I could spin yer a nice little yarn about the incident, wot lod up that smoke if yer cared to listen."

"Nothing would give me a greater pleasure," I hastened to assure him. "Well, sir," he began, "I dessey as you've noticed as 'ow all my palk on the road 'ave got a bit of ribbon stuck on their whips, an' we'n they passes me they all laughs—but I'll tell yer the yarn from the beginnin'."

"I remember well the time as I fust set my eyes on Rosie—a Friday it wus, the day as Barmpt won the Oaks. She wus a-sittin' on the seat b'ind yer theer, sir, and she looked so killin' that I couldn't resist the temptation to enter into conversation wiv'er so I ventured to express the opinion as 'ow I 'oped she'd 'ad 'im a-waitin' for'er. 'ow I 'oped she'd 'ad 'im a-waitin' for'er."

"'Ho! says she, wiv a toss of'er pretty 'ead, 'there's no 'a-waitin' for this child. I'm a-goin' straight 'ome to ma'. After a similation of surprise that such a sweet young lady 'adn't got a sweet 'eart, an' a few personal allusions on both sides, the conversation got quite confidential, an' she told me as she'd just obtained a situation as a 'ousemaid at a gentleman's 'ouse, an' she would be a-ridin' on the 'bus ther every mornin' an' comin' 'ome at night. Under the circumstances I ventured to express the perille 'ope as 'ow she'd favor me wiv'er company on the box seat, as the presence of her sweet face would 'elp to relieve the monotony of a lonely man's existence, an' arter a lot o' persuasion I did at last get her to mount up alongside of me. Well, that wus the beginnin' of it all."

"Every mornin', fust 'bus down, she'd be waitin', an' it soon became quite a recognized thing to see 'Dick's Donah,' as the boys called'er, seated by my side. I wus the object of envy all along the road. I stood all their chaff an' jokin' good humoredly, 'owever, knowin' as they'd give their bloomin' boots to be in my shoes. It wus all right I tell ye. The recollection of'er bright smile for cheery talk 'elped to liven me up many a dreary day."

"One mornin' she didn't turn up as usual. I 'ung around as long as ever I could afore startin', till my conductor began to use langwige, and the folks in the 'bus got restless, but still she didn't come, an' I 'ad to do the journey wivout'er. Comin' back, you can just imagine my disgust, when I sees 'er a-sittin' alongside of Sam Flynn. There they wus a-chattin' away as huffable as you please, an' as I passed 'em she smiles a sort o' laugh, an' Sam does a sarcastic sort of grin an' addresses some remark to'er about me evidently, at which she laughs back. I never returned'er greeting of 'Good mornin', Dick,' I wus too mad."

"I thought the bloomin' day would never be over, an' everything seemed to go wrong. The little gel wot alwus brought my dinner never turned up as usual. The coppers seemed as contrary as they could be, and their continual 'igher up, theer' got my ire up. I can tell yer. It's a puzzle to me 'ow I kept away from the drink. I believe I must 'ave give way, if the thought of meetin' 'er at night for a full explanation 'adn't kept me orf it. I wanted to be cool n' calm."

"At last, arter wot seemed like an age, I sees'er approachin', an' nerves meeself for the interview. I 'elped'er perillously by my side, an' as soon as she got settled she says, 'Well, Dick, you do look black, an' no mistake. Who's been a-rubbun' yer the wrong road?'"

"'You'll pardon me, miss,' I retorts sarcastically, tryin' to control my injured feelin', 'but I never allow anyone to rub me the wrong road, or any road at all for that matter. If ther's any rubbin' to be done I does it myself. See?'"

"She looks up at me artfully, an' says: 'Now you're in a temper. Well, tell me like a good boy, what's the 'ump, like a good boy?'"

"'You know well wot's the matter,' I jerked out, my temper at last gettin' the best on me. 'I want to know the reason of your unladylike conduct o' this mornin'. Now don't yer try yer prevaricatin' dodges wiv me. I saw yer along o' that miserable, sneakin' idiot, Sam Flynn. I kept the 'bus waitin' fer yer ten minits over time, an' yer never came. Wot I understand me, wunce an' fer all, I'm not the bloke as you can play wiv any road; if you try ther tricks wiv me, it's orf, right orf. D'yer 'ear?'"

"'Well, I never!' she exclaimed, wiv'er pretty eyes opened wide in astonishment; 'well, you are a silly kid. Why, I wus just a-goin' ter tell yer, murrer 'ad one of'er bad turns this mornin', an' I couldn't leave'er till she got all right, an' that wot frowed me late, an' just becuz Mr. Flynn perillously asked me to sit on the box wiv'im comin' up, 'ere you flies out in a beastly temper. Why I've a good mind never to speak to yer agen. Anybody would think as I couldn't do jus' wot I've a mind to. Well, wot next I should like to know?'"

"An' she turned'er artful 'end away an' began to look in the shop windows. "Er murrer bad! That wus the reason she didn't turn up—an' then it struck me as I wus a fool, a bloomin' jealous fool, as didn't ought ter 'ave the privilege of a woman's company; so I murmured, shame-facedly, 'Rosie, I'm an idiot. I arks yer pardon, but I've been nearly drove orf me nut ter day. Will yer please forgive me?' an' the arm wot wus disengaged—she wus

a-sittin' wheer you are now, sir—wus gently passed round'er waist, an' I gives'er a nice little 'ug. She looks up at my face wiv'er laughin' eyes, an' says, 'Corse I forgives yer, Dick!' an' she snuggles up a bit closer to my side. "Just as luck would 'ave it, at this moment, up comes Sam Flynn on 'is 'bus, an' we wus both stopped to drop passengers wiv in five yards of each other."

"Strike me, pink," yelled Sam, indignantly, 'ther's a face. It's a good job you're behind them old 'osses, or ther'd be a big danger o' ther droppin' down dead,' an' 'e winked meaningly at Rosie by my side."

"'Hullo, 1920?' I retorts, coolly: 'ave they let you out agen? Thought a course o' grindin' the mill would 'ave knocked that all out o' yer. Breakin' stones suits yer a lot better than tryin' to drive a 'bus. W'y don't yer 'old 'em up, man?'"

"Go 'ome and play wiv the cat,' he shouted angrily; 'an' get yer poor old murrer to come out o' the work's us to drive fer yer.'"

"Give me none of yer bloomin' persiflage," I returned. 'I'd drive yer out o' yer mind any day.'"

"'Sorey 'ound!' ejaculated Rosie, an' just then we separated."

"The sound of'er sweet voice a-runnin' on Sam fairly sent me into the seventh 'eaven of delight, an' I promised to get a night orf an' take'er to the play as soon as ever I could."

"Well, things went on all right for about another three weeks, an' durin' that time Sam never lost an opportunity to get the larf agen me w'en 'e could. I 'eard casually as 'ow 'e'd been a-rubbun' me down to the fellows in the yard, an' wunce or twice w'en 'e wus a bit on 'e'd threatened wot 'e'd do for me. Then it gradually dawned on me 'e wus jealous. 'E tried 'is 'ardest to get Rosie up wiv'im on the subseent occasions w'en she wus late, but she wouldn't 'ave no truck wiv'im at any price, preferin' to ride inside, an' that made'im fairly wild. Every day I thought we should 'ave a rum-puss, an' determined if 'e started any of 'is 'ank to give'im beans."

"At last, one night, w'en I draws into the yard, I found'im a-waitin' for me wiv a crowd o' fellows, who scented a mill. I'd put everything straight, an' wus just goin' orf 'ome to my supper, w'en 'e slouches up to me an' ther thrustin' 'is face inter mine, 'e 'eased."

"'Alf a minit, my fine feller, my Gentleman Dick, I've stood yer kid long enuf, now we're goin' to see who's the best man,' 'e began to roll up 'is shirt sleeves determinedly."

"Go way," I says sarcastic like. 'I don't want to 'urt a drunken man.' "Who's drunk?' 'e shouted, wiv a lot o' warm langwige, an' 'e struck me a blow on the chest."

"Well," says I coolly, 'if you will 'ave it, you shall,' an' I proceeded to peel my coat an' weskit."

"I didn't anticipate any trouble wiv'im, as I'd 'ad a few sparrin' lessons in my younger days orf old Alf Beasfield—I dessey you've 'eard on 'is name—so I thought I'd 'ave a bit o' game wiv'im."

"As soon as 'e stood up, 'e immediately makes a mad rush at me wiv ther intention o' settlin' me orf hand, but I wus ready for'im, an' as 'e came in, I shot out my fist an' landed it fair on 'is chest, fairly knockin' 'im orf 'is pins."

The blow seemed to sober'im a bit, for w'en 'e stood up agen, 'e sparrin' round warily. I waited for'im to come on, the fellers meanwhile encouragin' us wiv cries of 'Go on, Sam! Bang him! Out'im, Dick!'"

"Suddenly 'e thought 'e saw an opening, an' feintin' wiv 'is left, 'e got 'ome on my face. 'Bravo, Sammie!' they shouted, excitedly. Their cries an' the smart of the blow made me mad, an' we went at it 'ammer an' tongs."

"My 'and wus soon covered with the crimson fluid from Sammie's boko, an' one of my eyes 'ad gone to sleep, an' 'e ceased to be o' any use to me. I found 'e could use his dooks, an' that it would take me all my time to polish'im orf, but at last came the opportunity."

"Rushin' in, 'e lands me a quick right an' 'left on the chest, but, folleerin' 'im up, I swung round wiv my right, an' suddenly brought up my left wiv all the force I could, and caught'im under the jaw. Down 'e went like a ninepin, an' didn't stir for two or three minits. I went an' bathed my lovely black eye, an' goes 'ome."

"Next mornin' w'en I showed up at the yard—a pretty face I'd got on me—the boss told me as I could take a 'oliday for a week. Sammie wus in bed, they said, not able to show up. I thought the week's rest would give my features a chance to resume ther normal situations, so I stope in the 'ouse. I don't go out to see Rosie wiv a face on me like I'd got, so I 'ad to curb my impatience as best I could. It wus a weary week, but at last it wus over, an' wiv eager 'eart I returned to my daily duties. As soon as I got in the yard Bill—that's my conductor—lands me a note wiv ther remark: 'She gave it to me Tuesday to give to yer. I ain't seen'er since.'"

"I don't know 'ow it wus, but something seemed to tell me that all wus not right, an' I 'urriedly tore the letter open."

"'Deer Dick,' she wrote, 'my brother in Australia 'as arsked murrer an' me to go over to'im, an' we start on Friday. I 'eard about 'ow you knocked Sam Flynn out o' time. God bless yer, my brave old Dick. Cheer up, I shall see yer agen soon. Your lovin' sweet 'art—Rosie.'"

"Gone! I couldn't realize it. Gone wivout a chance of a word. It must be impossible—surely she must 'ave known wot my life would be wivout'er; an' a mist swam before my eyes, as I gazed at'er words, 'God bless yer, my brave old Dick,' an' I at length understood she 'ad indeed gone away, maybe forever."

"Well, arter that things went on as usual until one day larst week I wus driving the up journey, w'en a soldier chap and a young gal who I didn't particularly notice gets on the top. My thoughts wus far away, thinkin' o' the splendid helpmate Rosie would 'a been to me, if she'd never gone away. Try as I would I found it impossible to forget'er. 'Er sweet face wus allus in my mind, an' the words in that little note which I carried in my weskit continually gave me 'ope. 'Cheer up, Dick, I shall see yer agen soon.'"

"It wus nearly three years since she'd gone an' never a word 'ad I heard from'er at all. Suddenly, in the midst

of my wandering thoughts a larst struck on my ear—the silvery larst I 'adn't 'eard for such a time. I turned round excitedly, my 'eart beatin' thirteen to the dozen, and ther, sittin' by the soldier chap, wus—Rosie, my Rosie, just as she used to be. 'Er eyes met mine."

"'Dew!' she gasped, an' 'er face turned pale."

"Rosie! I cried, 'ardly able to believe my eyes; an' neither of us could add another word for a full minit."

"'You'll excuse me,' remarked the soldier, 'but I'm in the dark. What?'"

"'W'y, Jim,' she exclaimed at last, 'this is Dick—'im wot you've 'eard me speak on so often—my Dick.'"

"'Er Dick?' Then she 'ad not forgotten me. It took me all my time to stop from jumpin' up an' claspin' 'er to me, but just then the wheel copped the curbstone, an' I 'ad to resume my control of the 'osses."

"'Ah! I've 'eard o' you a good bit,' says Jim; 'in fact, we ain't 'ad much else. But I forgot, you don't know me. I'm'er brother Jim, on furlough, just back from India. 'Ave a cigar?'"

"Next day Rosie wus in'er usual place by my side, an' she told me as 'ow she'd 'ad'er murrer in Australia wiv'er brother Jack as 'ad got on splendid—got a great farm over ther, but she 'erself couldn't rest; some'ow she didn't feel at 'ome, an' she decided to come back to the old country. The artful mix arterwards told me as it wus me she come back for. Before she started, 'er brother 'ad said, 'Remember, Rosie, if yer find'im not married, an' he's still true to yer, tell'im from me that if 'e likes to come 'ere, I'll drop'im into a job as'll last'im for a lifetime.'"

"'Well, Dick,' she says, smiling up in the old way, 'wot shall I write an' tell'im?'"

"But, 'ere we are, sir, an' ther's Sammie! that chap wiv ther bunch o' ribbon on 'is whip. Wot's the ribbon all mean? W'y, only that Rosie became Mrs. Dick Ginx yesterday, an' tomorrow's my larst day on the old 'bus. Yes, we've decided to go to Australia. The boys all clubbed together, an' they've give me this gold watch. It's a beauty, ain't it? 'Pon my word I feel that proud—wot say? Will I? Well, I think ther's time. 'Er, Bill, keep yer eye on the copper—this gentleman's agoin' to drink our very good 'alths.'—'Tis-Bits."

NICKNAMES FOR MONEY.

"All the Small Places Bear Odd Designations."

Few people realize that every piece of money has a nickname. It has, however, and some of the names are very odd. The \$100 note has but one nickname, but it is exceedingly appropriate as well as dignified. It needs no more, says the New York Journal, for there are thousands of persons in this country who have never seen a note of this denomination.

Everybody has seen small change, though, and the commonness of this species of money has suggested scores of sobriquets, appropriate and the reverse, grave and gay, effusively funny and humorously pathetic. The "nickel," as a name, was suggested by the common idea that this metal entered largely into the composition of the coin. It is a misnomer, as the piece consists of 75 per cent. of copper and only 25 per cent. of the metal which gave it a name.

"Car fares," a slang name for the same piece, illustrates the universality of this method of transportation, while "chicken feed" as a name not only for 5-cent pieces, but also for other small change, undoubtedly came from the rural districts. "Flipper-up" suggests a frequent use to which the nickel is placed in certain circles. "Fennels" and "pennyuns" indicate the contempt, more pretended than real, into which our smallest coins have fallen. The latter name, like "bit," preserves a morsel of history not familiar to general readers. "Pennyuns," now used as a synonym for the smallest value expressed in money terms, was once the name of a special coin. It was worth about one-half cent, and at one time, during our continental days, when all sorts of coins passed current at all sorts of valuations, circulated along the Atlantic coast.

The "bit," now only a money of account and most familiar in the well-known form "two bits," a synonym for the 25-cent piece, was also at one time a coin, equal in value to one-half the Spanish pistareen, and worth a little more than 10 cents. When the English shilling and Spanish pistareen were supplanted by our familiar "quarter," the names remained long after the coins had disappeared. "Shilling" has now finally disappeared from use, save along the Canadian border, where prices are frequently made in both kinds of money, but the "bit" we have still with us.

Where Cats Are Brought Up. People who pass up and down a certain street in a suburb of Boston are often startled by a sound of wailing and yowling and mewing, as if all the cats of the city had gathered in one spot and were holding a concert. The sound really does come from cats. For at Walnut Ridge farm they don't raise wheat or corn or potatoes, but just cats—big cats, little cats, shaggy cats and cats with kangaroo tails and short legs.

Last year this farm shipped over 1,100 cats and kittens to various parts of the country, the prices ranging all the way from \$10 up to \$25 each. These cats from Boston's suburb are not the kind that live in barns and hunt their own living, but long-haired, strange-looking pussies known as Angora cats.

The Angora cat, as the name indicates, comes originally from Angora in western Asia, and has, up to very recently, been imported from that place; but the risk incurred in bringing the animals to this climate, besides the cost of importing them, was so great that the idea of raising them here in America was tried. And it has been at once successful. If any of your friends have an Angora cat it probably received its early education in Boston.

A lady of high social standing in Charlottesville has been found to be suffering from leprosy. She had lived for many years with her husband in a country where leprosy is common among the natives.



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J. E. O'Connell Old Reserve, 1871, \$2.00
J. E. O'Connell Pure Old Rye, 1878, \$2.00
J. E. O'Connell Bourbon, 1877, \$2.00
W. E. McBrayer Old Bourbon, \$2.00
Spring Hill Old Bourbons, \$2.00
Anderson Old Bourbon, \$2.00
Old Crow Old Bourbon, \$2.00
Irish Whisky, John Jamieson, \$2.00
Scotch Whisky, Andrew Usher Special Reserve, \$2.00

All kinds of Brandy, Gins, Rums and Bottled Goods of the finest qualities at reasonable prices.

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ALL GOODS PROMPTLY DELIVERED AT RESIDENCES. We handle no cheap or adulterated goods.

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WILLIAM GILLAM, Proprietor.

Also Caterer to Weddings, Banquets and Parties.

All Goods Strictly First-Class. The Best that the Market Affords to Be Found on the Tables at All Times.

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